

The Little Purple Door

**A Short Story By:
Betty C. Allen**

The Little Purple Door

Once a very long time ago, there was a handsome little grey mouse. He called himself Henry because he thought he heard that name somewhere and was sure it suited him.

Now Henry had a wonderful little home up in the attic of a very big white house, and Henry loved his little home very much. The only problem he had was there were so many rooms, that when in a hurry, he would sometimes get lost.

Now besides Henry, there were four others living in the house; the father, mother, a little girl, and a big black and white cat, however they had never been formally introduced to Henry. Somehow in Henry's mind, that seemed best.

Now the cat that lived in the house was a very smart cat, and he loved to sit up high on top of things, like the china cabinet in the dining room. He would just sit up there and watch what went on below. Needless to say, Henry had to be very careful since he knew this cat could hear a pin drop.

Sometimes Henry would go down to the cellar where he would climb out through a broken window that led to the garden. Once outside, he would run through the flowers and peek through the iron fence at the busy street, and watch the people passing by. Sometimes he would watch the squirrels and birds play. But Henry had taken to staying out of sight the best he could because he never knew when that silly cat would show up. Besides, he knew that not everyone liked him.

Somehow, he just seemed to sense that, even if he didn't really know why.

So when everyone was fast asleep he would tiptoe down the stairs to the big kitchen where a lot of good food was cooked and he could almost always find something good to eat. Sometimes he even took a few snacks home for later. But he was still very careful because the kitchen was also the place where the cat had his dishes.

Henry loved to run through the house and go up and down the stairs peeking into all the rooms when all was quiet. But one night he got trapped behind a big door on the third floor. It seemed like Henry hid for hours and hours before someone opened that door. But when they did, Henry ran as fast as his little legs could carry him and he didn't stop until he reached his little home in the attic.

Finally, when he laid down in his warm bed he began to think and think about his problem until his little brain was so tired he finally fell fast asleep. Now he must have slept for hours when he heard what sounded like a scratching sound. So he got out of his bed and went to his little door and peered out into the attic. It was filled with old trunks and furniture, toys, books, old clothes and things. And there jumping in and out of this old empty candy box was the most beautiful white mouse Henry had ever seen in his whole life. She told Henry her name was Nellie and all of a sudden Henry was sure he heard beautiful music filling the attic, "how silly," he thought to himself.

Well, needless to say, Henry and Nellie fell in love and from that day forward they went almost everywhere together. Sometimes they would look over the banister from the third floor at the people below - laughing and talking and having a good time. And one night, they watched a big beautiful tree being trimmed by the family living there. And when everyone was fast asleep, they went downstairs just to look at it. There, under this big, beautiful lighted tree, were lots and lots of pretty wrapped packages. They thought this was a beautiful sight.

Henry knew he had never been so happy in his whole life since Nellie came into it. He only had one problem. He was always getting lost, especially when he was in a hurry. Since he couldn't think of something, he asked Nellie if she could think of a way he could keep from getting lost? Nellie thought and thought and finally she said "follow me Henry I have an idea". So they went down to the cellar where they got a can of paint and two brushes, went back to the attic they went, up to Henry's little door and got to work.

And when they were finished they stepped back to look at what they'd done and there was the door they had painted purple with a gleaming gold knob! It was the prettiest door they had ever seen.

And they knew there was no other door like it in the whole house. Henry he would never get lost again. And the two of them lived happily ever after in the beautiful white house.

THE END

By Betty Allen
In 1997

My Small Son

As I stepped within his room
armed with my trusty pan and broom
I tried to see his point of view
about his not so tidy clean kept room
#

But looking round me, I could see
love waiting very patiently
because there upon a rumpled and
- unmade bed,

His battle weary soldiers
now rest their tired heads
#

and across the room
I see hung upon a chair
a rusty pair of roller skates
just waiting for him there
#

and many color books
with torn out pages too
are waiting for him here
in his quiet room.
#

But now as I guide my trusty broom
through his almost tidy room,
I bend to pick up a sock
and empty blue gene pockets filled
- with rocks
#

all his treasures big and small
Have each been an adventure one and all.

and as I lie across his bed
to rest my throbbing and bumping head
I see a great and winding track
that winds in and out, beneath his
- rock #

Were a launching pad
For his rockett sight
waits for lift off
among its many flights #

I realize now
that his hours are filled with -
- laughter.

and with dreams, of mighty men
- and mighty things
and he honestly does not see the -
- mess I see at all.

Amongst his tanks and soldiers
and smoke, the bear pictures on -
- the wall. #

And now I am sure that the day will
- come.

I want have to go into his room
armed with my trusty pen and broom
and then I'll cry, because he's gone.

A

So when this night once again
Slips into its darkened View
No one will have to tell me
what I will want to do

I will gently take his little hands in
- mine,
and draw him close
While there's still time.
Before my little boy becomes a man
and I am left with only
my trusty broom and pan.

By Betty C. Allen
1968

I wrote this for my
Son when he was (6)
Years old
He was murdered
in (1990)

So I guess I was correct
we only have our
Children for a short
time, whether they
grow up and go away
or the rest.

Upon my way

I look once again at the distant trees
and feel upon my face the summer
- gentle breeze.

As I watched the green and scarlet
- colors play, along the path upon
- my way

#

all of this beauty I can see nestled
- in the wooded glen in front of me
were flowers with their rainbow
- hue, and yellow daffodils a row,
and white daisies and buttercups so
- gently sway, to the music of the day.

#

I hear the melody the birds do sing
Like silver flutes on high wings.

#

or maybe what I hear on high is the
- graceful flutter of the playing -
- butterfly's

#

the fragrance sweet fills the morning
- air as the golden sun begins to
- shine.

#

I Look ~~#~~
Now ~~#~~ once again at the -
- Distant trees, and feel on my
- face the summer gentle breeze.

~~#~~
and as I watched the green and
- scarlet colors play, along the
- path upon my way

by
Beth C. Allen
4-5-88

Behold the mind

Behold the mind
My companion in silence
thinking
Remembering
a circle of thoughts, laughter, fear
- tenderness and love undone.
H

Behold the mind
Unlike any other affair
It leaves nothing to the imagination
Except.
Reality

By Betty C. Allen

1987

this poem was published H

Oyster Stew

Oyster Stew

I thought should be full of oysters
- that one could see.

But that tired bowl had but a few
and all that milk hid even them from
- my searching view.

So I guess when once again I won a
- bowl of oyster Stew
I will make my own with lots of
- care

Then I will be sure to find among
- the milk,
Even oysters there.

By Betty C. Allen
1966

Beyond the Stars
Maybe beyond the stars
the light does shine
Where fear is not,
and love dwells
Where the night and all its secrets are
- held at bay,
when the crimson dawn appears -
- on another day.

by
Betty C. Allen
4-2-76

Lonely Night

The longest day becomes the night
Its darkend gift brought love first sight
Once precious needs fulfilled with out the
- thought of time
Intertwined with splendor our Precious-
- love given.

But what of this true and now lonely night
with empty arms
and empty sight
when the only thing now, that could be
- said,
Is the longest day's still lies ahead.

By Betty C. Allen

1968

When

When we take our days for granted
We miss so much you see
Because nothing worth the having
Will ever be given for free

When things are gotten so easy
and the sweat and pain is not there
then we havent learned our lesson
Because we havent taken time to care.

by
Betty C. Allen

Silent Night

Silent as the falling snow
the tempered winds to blow
covering all the night with a
sparkling coverlet of white.

tall pines laden by the winters
- day. Bend their heads to watch the
- Deer and rabbit play.

The candles flicker in windows
- all around, their radiance -
- gleaming making golden patterns
- out upon the ground

and while stars in the heavens
lend their precious light
Once you see, we have a beautiful
- but silent Night.

by
Betty C. Allen
1952

Harmony

The destroyer of my mind could
- only be.

In the loosing tuck with Harmony
the bending light., that travels far
on dark and skies, with out a star.

#

the destroyer of my mind could
- only be,

a place without colored shells

- and rushing seas,

a place with out flowers -

- or small children sweet and fair.

#

The destroyer of my mind could
- only be.

If all these things werent there
Like autumn leaves,

and pine woods sweet and clear

Where rabbits, birds, and all Gods -

- gentle things to play.

#

the destroyer of my mind could only
- be

The loosing tuck with Harmony -

by Betty C. Allen
1965

Unwanted Love

the unborn child
Nipped in the bud
Deprived of its life
By unwanted love
#

No feeling or seeing
For he or she
No sweetness or strife
Or the rainbows of life.
#

They will never observe
The eagle in its flight
Or smell beautiful flowers
On a warm summers night
#

They will never press their small noses
- against window pane,
Or see the dew drops after the rain
I plead for the little ones I will never
- pass in the street,
With their small uplifted faces so eager-
- & sweet.

#

But - now what about all these -
- childless lovers who now walk -
- hand in hand - so soon to grow
old and be gone from this land -

and what about all there worldly
- things.
they sought so to possess they will
- be given to strangers who couldn't
- care less, #

So now I say to all of those who
- carelessly threw a sweet life away.
No one will be left weeping for you,
On this, your last day.

Ry Betty C. Allen

1968

She Sleeps

I placed a Red Rose upon my
- Mother's breast,
Because now her heart is still and
- in its forever rest.

Her dress had been her favorite blue
and her pearls were once her Mother's
- then shabby and faded now.

And her beautiful pen she treasured
- so held back her silver hair
For her long journey into forever
Where her pain will be known more.

So now she sleeps
Her tears now hidden from my view
In this hallowed ground
Where once the lilacs grew.

By Betty C. Allen

4-5-88

Written for a friend.

Little one

Tender is the little one
with tiny hands so fair
who squeezes pieces of her orange
into her golden hair.

#

and with oatmeal
and all kinds of things
that have been placed upon her chair
She finger paints the walls around
and anyone who's there.

#

But soon a little washrag is applied
- to all tender places that need loving
- care

But she is not to fond of this kind
- of fun, and thinks it isn't fair,

So off she goes the other way, just
- as fast as ever she can, But like
- always, she is caught by her Mother's
- loving hand.

#

So now once again you see with bright and
shining face you see, the Greatest Gift that
God can give to a Grandma like me, is to
watch her child with tender heart love her
baby there and rock her till she's fast -
asleep with all her loving care

By Betty C. Allen for Chelsea 1970

the Rose

The Rose tucked by the side
So beautiful to see, a new
It opens up its velvet petals
Its fragrance fills the air,
It sways in all its grace
and always to heaven it lifts its
- face.

by

C. Olson

Betty

10-5-93

Forever Darling
When the darkness is all around
- me, and I have no place to hide.
I hear your voice carries me
and it keeps me satisfied.

#

I will wait forever Darling
and keep you in my mind
till the darkness lifts to day light
and your standing by my side.

by

Betty C. Allen

10-5-93

Empty

Cress, not my heart
With your empty words
Of where you have been and why
Nor fill my eyes with tears
My beloved, as I don't want to cry

Make not one little promise of what's
to be ahead,

Just lay you down my dearest upon
- my lonely bed.

By
Betty Callen

To my husband 1966

Search


Today my heart is so empty
and void of love

Like the Conley winds that search -
- the seas,

But! this emptiness inside my -
- soul just will not let me be.

So I must keep looking along the -
- way for a heart that's full and new
So not but one, but two, will meet
and start a life brand new

By Betty C Allen
1971



why.

Why is it, from one single seed -
- a baby grows?
While yet another seed, brings forth -
- a beautiful but fragile rose,
#

and how sad it makes me feel that -
- only birds can fly.
And I might never know the real reason
- why.
#

and why do the leaves
turn from green to red to brown
when autumn comes to nestle
- once again upon the ground.
and why are my footsteps left upon
- the snow.
as I look back at the winding road
- below.
#

and why can't I understand
why loved ones die.
Leaving me with tears to cry
and why do the clouds bring forth the
- rain?
Leaving little paths running down my
- window pane.
#

H
And why do the nightingales
Left their voice in song?
And why do I sometimes 'woovy'
When there is nothing wrong.

by
Betty C. Allen
1990

was given an award.

Thank you Lord

I thank you Lord for every deed and
- every thought of mine you have heard,
and I thank you for your gentleness
I continually observe -
H

And I thank you for this baby sweet
that you have entrusted to my care.
Please help me Lord all the while he is
- here

Since David means beloved
and your gift was so sweet
always with your approval
I will try to meet.

By Betty C. Allen
When my Son was born
4-2-1962

The old woman

The frail old woman
In the faded blue dress
Sat on the old wooden bench
Under the shade of the chestnut tree
Dreaming of all her yesterdays
And all that used to be

She would often smile to herself
And sometimes frown
as she glanced up the street and all around

I always would see her on the days -
- I passed by
Gently brushing tears from her eyes
Her old yellow cat in her lap did stay.
Content to be petted day after day.

Now the last day that I saw her
She trembled as I passed by
Clutching her heart, she gave a soft
- sigh

But now the old wooden bench is
- empty today, and the big yellow cat well
he has gone away. and the Chestnut tree
Soon will shade some one new. Now what do you
think? Will that be me, or you? — Betty Cullen
1987

Life

When one winks an Eye
Life seems to have drifted quickly
— and silently by.
With such haste in its flight to
— nowhere and everywhere,
With out ample time to think, or feel
— or love or be loved.
And the tears that have fallen,
With out some one's understanding,
Have been mislaid by endless fools
that know not where they tread
or whose heart they have broken.

I want so to step lightly on my fellow-
— men,
and to be warm of heart
to speak with grace
and have a gentle hand stretched-
— forth to others.

But I too am a fool among fools
— wanting more than giving.
and speaking more than listening
and seeking more than giving.

A

~~H~~
How does one learn to be aware
Before the twinkling of an eye
- closes for good,
Life's tremendous score.

By Betty C. Allen

1971

Eagle

Someday I want to be an Eagle
and to fly way up on High
To glide the drifting currents
and feel the rushing wind go by
Like one sole to another in a
- perfect blend.

#

To fly thru the rainbow, and to
- nestle down, up high.
and to survey the world around me
In my playground in the sky.

By Betty C. Allen

1990

Little Children Pray.

While Grate Multitudes of angels
Waite around Gods throne
Little Children pray But not alone,
#

And the innocents of their thoughts
Fill Gods heaven there,
While he listene to each and every -
tinney prayer.

By Betty C Allen
1979

Gods Precious Gift

Just a little bit of Heaven
So fair, and true
with blond hair and Gentil eyes of blue
and a turned up nose,
and a voice so soft like a brook through
- a meadow flows.
H

I wish I could find her my sweet baby
- fair, her name is Kathyleen
And she's gone and I know not where.
H

But if anyone should see her
won't you please send her back to me,
Because, she was the little bit of heaven
and Gods most precious gift to me.

by Betty C. Allen

To my Daughter Kathleen Ann
1-7- 1957

Come Death
Come Death! Quickly
and help me fast away
Where all pain is not in heart or
-mind,
and all wordley worry is left behind.

Please old friend make haste
I want so to just fade away,
Sence I know longer care to linger
In all my yestadayes.

What keeps you, and why are you so-
-slow.
Please Death, wont you take me now!
To were the bright, and sweet, and even
-flow.

By Betty C. Allen
1983

Sands of time

Gently and softly I will come to
- the
With uplifted eyes that long to see.

th
and while the wind does brush your
- hair, and cool your kindly face
and takes you gently in its arms
- like Gods sweet warm embrace.

^{at}
I will walk with you thru fields -
- of green.
and thru the sands of time
till at last I'm home again
Sweet Mother Dear of mine.

by
Betty C. Allen

1958

Himself

Someday when death himself
comes to claim me
with his icy hands out stretched
May he slip, just a little so I might
- take a - quick, But backward -
- glance

by ~~Callan~~
Betty 1980

The Meadow Lark

The Meadow Lark sings so sweet
- today.

while on his perch on high
He watches fields of dancing flowers
and playing butterflies

By Betty C. Allen
1985

God's Magic Wand

As I watch the fragile balance between night
and day begin its journey
I see the heavens open and the first golden
rays of light shine through.

While this splendor filled the heavens the
miracle of it all took my breath away
And in these moments, it would have been
Very hard not to have felt the
Presence of God because he was
Surely there.

And while I continue my silent vigil
I watched as God waved his magic wand
And once again turned night into day.

By Betty Allen
5/3/98